The Commonweal

August 5, 1949

The College: A Community

Willis D. Nutting

Short and Select

J. F. Powers

Dog Days in Illinois

James O'Gara

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VOLUME L 15c NUMBER 17

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Next Week—

THE BARDEN BILL—THREAT TO CHURCH AND STATE. Harry W. Flannery says of the current headline controversy: "It's just as well this disagreement broke into the public prints, provided it disperses the clouds which have obscured an understanding of both the American tradition on, and the Catholic reasoning concerning, Church and State."

LETTER FROM A FAMILY MAN. Michael de la Bedoyere, editor of the London *Catholic Herald*, writes a personal letter to a parent offering some suggestions for bringing up a young family in a Catholic way.

AFTER THE ATLANTIC PACT. Gabor Apor, formerly Hungarian minister to Austria, proposes that, in this time of exile for political leaders like himself, they devote themselves to a plan for the liberation and eventual self-government of the Danube nations.

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The
COMMONWEAL

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Peace Plan

A QUAKER organization called the American Friends Service Committee has been at work this past year on a plan for averting war between Russia and the United States. After sounding out high Russian and American diplomats on the possibilities of promoting practical measures for a quiet settlement between the two powers, the Committee now proposes its peace plan.

The Quakers advise the US to take the initiative toward three objectives: (1) storing the atomic bomb stockpile with the United Nations and stopping production of fissionable material until the UN can agree on a control plan; (2) increasing East-West trade; and (3) establishing a unified and "neutral" Germany.

On "ideal" grounds one might not quarrel with at least some part of these proposals. International control of the atom and East-West economic cooperation are indeed prerequisites of peace. The idea of a neutral and well-behaved Germany as a middle-ground buffer between Russia and the US seems, even as an ideal, to be an outmoded vision belonging to a time when European nationalists would not dissolve their enmities in a federated council.

On "practical" grounds—and the Quakers had practical measures in mind all along—there is realistically a minimal encouragement to be found in these suggestions. The United States originally offered, and still offers, a feasible and generous plan for international, UN atom control which Russia rejects. We have already taken the initiative here. It is unreasonable to ask us to forego security now without evidence of Russian good will. Increasing trade by removing export-import restrictions seems to be the most practical suggestion, one which may not meet with great success until overriding issues are resolved, but trade is at least a continuing and possibly expansive contact.

Efforts to set up a neutral Germany, however, have been the occasion of war for generations in Europe. Actually, a nationalist Germany has itself played the West and East off against each other, and both East and West have used Germany to upset the balance of power. Yet the Quakers ask us to abandon the West German state, which is a prelude to a federated Europe, and to have recourse instead to what has proved to be an impossibly "neutral" Germany. This, we believe, would be disastrous.

The Committee thinks that peace is possible despite the "basic" Communist belief in a "final, violent conflict between the Soviet and capitalist worlds." Certainly it is heartening that a group as respected as the Quakers should continue to hold conversations on a plan to avoid that conflict. The impracticality of their suggestions so far only emphasizes the necessity, however cold and uncomfortable, of our sustained and collective resistance to Russian aggression until the time arrives when reason and greater charity can prevail.

The Mathematics of Traffic

THE Brookings Institution has publicized a fine mathematical view of road traffic and transportation—abstract as the sufferer dearly wishes the problem could actually be, particularly on summer weekends. Only five to ten cents per "highway transportation dollar" currently goes to roads. All the benefits gained by technical improvement of the vehicle are being more than eaten up by the growing cancer of traffic.

The Brookings report recommends "better highway administration and more effective traffic engineering techniques," and a "better balance," turning more of the "highway transportation dollar" from the car to the highway: proportionately cheaper cars and more expensive roads.

So far, so good, but that doesn't seem really very far. The causes of misery which the report stresses are the 20 percent gain in number of

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vehicles since before the war (40,000,000 now), and population shifts, notably from urban to suburban regions. People obviously aren't living right when there is so much traffic. Our work, recreation, sleeping, eating and everything else are split up in too many places. The suburb appears fundamentally a false solution. Going so far, so often, indicates that where we are is inadequate. The unsatisfactoriness and incompleteness can be guaged by the trouble, time, and expense to purse and patience which we undergo to get somewhere else. More resources, material and intellectual, might well be spent upon the effort to make a given place a more agreeable location for more human operations. Bucking traffic is definitely not one of them.

Urgent

WHEN the acting Archbishop of Paris, Roger Beaussart, deprived Abbé Boulier of the right to celebrate Mass after mid-September, he took a disciplinary action that was in the spirit of the Papal decree on the incompatability of Catholicism and Communism. Abbé Boulier had associated himself with a Czech "Catholic Action" group declared heretical by the Vatican.

In France, and in Western Europe generally, where the doctrine of materialism has infiltrated and attracted minds more than it has in this country, the matter of collaboration and fellow traveling is naturally a more critical and complex one. This is true especially since the Church, heeding the warning of Leo XIII that it must renew contact with the working classes, is conscientiously promoting social reform. And this is the same field of activity which lends itself to Communist attention, too—but with a radically different intent. One reason for the Papal decree was to separate these different "intents," Catholic and Communist.

Archbishop Beaussart took the occasion of reprimanding Abbé Boulier to issue a word of advice to Catholics. He said that far from minimizing Catholic activity in social reform, the Papal decree actually makes the need for this activity "more urgent than ever." If this decree will make it easier to separate Communist from Catholic activity, it will also make it easier to see just what initiative and effectiveness Catholics have in working for social justice.

The Insufficiency of Arms Aid

IT BECOMES increasingly apparent that the policy of strengthening the more democratic parts of the world with American material contribution is approaching its limits. The normal opposition to Administration policy has been augmented by a slow-down in the support of men such as Senators Vandenberg and Dulles. Bernard Baruch's interview on his return from Europe gave strength to ideas circulating in the arms aid debate. ". . . If they [European nations] would get together in a defense and economic union to help themselves, I think they would not have such a gloomy view." The US is almost in the impossible position of having to bully nations into a dignified and dynamic position which should keep them from any further threat of bullying. A few hundred million dollars worth of American arms in their hands would not solve the problem for many current European régimes. France, for instance, certainly uses weapons with foremost military ability when vision and resolution are there. The French Government, however, has Joliot-Curie as its High Commissioner for Atomic Energy—a world-renowned Communist Party member.

The Separation of Cardinal Spellman and Mrs. Roosevelt

MRS. Franklin Delano Roosevelt is the most eminent American woman, not only by the very fact of who she is, who her husband and her family have been, and by the fact that she has lived in the White House longer than any other woman in our history, but also because of her extraordinary and tireless activity: what she says and writes and does. There must be very few groups in America (and even in all the world) who have not more than once been encouraged and made grateful by her friendly interest and warm personality. Nearly all groups of Catholics are among those whose admiration and goodwill she has frequently merited and won by her great personal presence and by her active sympathies.

Mrs. Roosevelt writes and speaks and acts constantly, dealing with matters of importance, and affecting the course of our lives and interests and the course of national and world history.

New York's Archbishop, Cardinal Spellman, has rebuked her with extreme severity. The occasion is the dispute over the Barden Bill, which would grant general federal funds to state schools on the basis of child population, but would rigorously exclude children in non-state, including Catholic, schools from any benefit from the funds. Mrs. Roosevelt had written in favor of the Bill and against opponents of the Bill, and specifically against Cardinal Spellman.

THE COMMONWEAL, with nearly all Catholics, has already attacked the Barden Bill. It appears to me to be discriminatory and punitive. It brings the Federal Government into the school situation as an instrument of economic pressure, with bribes and deprivations which tend to force

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attendance out of Catholic and private and into state schools. It is argued on the basis of (and it enforces as far as it goes) a concept of the separation of Church and State and a concept of the establishment of religion which seem to me grossly wrong and clearly inclined toward the totalitarian error of transforming the State itself into a kind of doctrinal secular Church of false religion.

These matters are not simple. The school problem, especially now that it involves federal action and money among a highly taxed citizenry, is vastly difficult, and it demands study and argument and increasing clarity and increasing good will. And beyond the "school problem," and more deeply important in the long term, is the problem of education itself—the character of the education and of the teachers, and bringing as many children as possible into as full participation as possible in truth.

Cardinal Spellman accuses Mrs. Roosevelt of acting from "misinformation, ignorance, or prejudice," and expresses wonder that she should "repeatedly plead causes that are anti-Catholic." He concludes that her "record of anti-Catholicism stands" and that his "case is closed." The Barden Bill business is thus given as the instance and as a final example illustrating a general charge.

Mrs. Roosevelt, as Governor Lehman and Bernard Baruch and many others stoutly said, has so great a reputation exactly for tolerance and kindness to minority groups and for support at home and in the United Nations of civil rights, her whole personality as we know it is of such wonderful friendliness, that Cardinal Spellman's rebuke causes great shock. Mrs. Roosevelt is surely not anti-Catholic in any deliberate, Ku Kluxish way, nor has she ever appeared meanly prejudiced in a personally offensive and uncivilized manner. We must look further for Cardinal Spellman's reasons. Because his own letter spoke specifically only of the Barden Bill, we must speculate upon the actions which have warranted so stiff a shock treatment.

Sufficient issue, I should think, could arise from the difference between a conception of "ideological liberalism" and of "secularism" with which Mrs. Roosevelt is associated, and our conception as Catholics, which it is Cardinal Spellman's duty eminently to defend. Without an elaborate survey which would, anyway, very likely add more acrimony than understanding to a debate which needs the understanding, and without presuming to attribute ideas to Cardinal Spellman, only generalizations of a personal sort are possible here.

The school of thought which Mrs. Roosevelt very frequently seems to me to favor has exasperating characteristics. Its moral sensitivity is frightfully selective, and this opinion is clear in the Cardinal's letter. Indignation, praise and blame are allotted not by principles which can be successfully objectified, but according to a more subtle bias, which often prejudices, it seems to me, the Church and Christianity as well as democracy. There is also a tone of monopolistic righteousness and of moral judgment against those who disagree, or just emphasize differently. There is a similar — or the same — arbitrary selectivity toward evidence. The credulity and skepticism of this kind of liberalism does not appear to be governed by scientific or metaphysical principles, but by partisanship, bias and interest—sublimated or pushed out of consciousness with various degrees of violence. The nicer the person, the more innocently and less deliberately, of course, does this incomplete type of liberal violate justice and reason in fashions such as these.

The ideological liberal, by habit and practice, fuzzes up issues where decision is desirable, possible, and necessary. Furthermore, habitually, the fog thrown around issues by these liberals permits non-liberal forces to succeed in actions which injure both Christianity and a temporal order of affairs more just than the one those anti-liberal forces impose. It is an old saw, that the historic rôle of liberals is to be betrayed by anti-liberals whose strength they have nursed.

Repeatedly and constantly in America and the West, "liberalism," badly conceived, identifies itself in practice with the most doctrinaire ideas and acts of secularism. Eternity, and even a fairly long range term on earth, are ruled out of the consideration of day to day problems. Standards of judgment are deprived of objectivity. Sentimentalism and immediate convenience are substituted for principles. Constitutional considerations give way to a passing mood and opinion, demagogically stirred up. . . .

These generalities are certainly a lot to load on Mrs. Roosevelt's back, and a great deal to take from Cardinal Spellman's letter. They refer more to tendencies than individuals. Both of the protoganists in this debate have leading rôles to play, and responsibilities most of us are just as happy not to carry. The shock treatment administered not only to Mrs. Roosevelt, but to the public mind, by Cardinal Spellman must make us stop, look and listen. I don't like the treatment, and I imagine few people do, including Cardinal Spellman. On the surface it is not gracious and persuasive, or full of all the other gentle human virtues. But neither is the cure for many lesser maladies which the world obviously suffers now. Mrs. Roosevelt was, perhaps, in her first reaction, ironical in referring to a "Christian and kindly manner." A just and loyal examination of the issues involved may prove to her and to many of those whom her prestige has partly sheltered or bewildered, that charity has, in fact, been straightly served.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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The College: A Community

Progress in education is possible only if human relations replace assembly line methods and ideals

Willis D. Nutting

THIS is the second of a two-part article. Last week Mr. Nutting examined our present course-for-credit method of education and found it to be a technique similar to that of the assembly line—actually an ineffective means of educating man.

Here he suggests a substitute.

I WOULD put in a plea for a radical reform —for a complete rejection of the ideology of the factory with its quantitative standards and its passion for uniformity. In its place I would put the ideology of the community, with a recognition of the dominance of personal rather than mechanical relationships. The two ideologies are mutually incompatible.

A college should be a community of persons which has for its purpose the intellectual development of its members. This development has three aspects: the rousing and sustaining of intellectual interest, the acquiring of a certain content of knowledge, and an acquaintance with the means whereby knowledge can be gained. The college must work actively at all three aspects of intellectual development.

In a true educational community the relationship between students and teachers cannot be too definitely fixed. It must allow for a thousand variations so as to suit the capabilities of both students and teachers. To adopt one method of teaching and to say that this method and this only constitutes a valid imparting of knowledge, and consequently to require all teachers to conform to it, is to ignore the exceedingly personal quality of teaching and learning.

In a true educational community there must also be a recognition of the glorious fact that a student can learn without being taught. Therefore all paths, formal and informal, which can lead to learning must be kept open, and students must be made aware of the possibilities in all of them. Most important of all, there must be not the slightest tendency to allow knowledge gained on one path to "count" more than that gained otherwise. Our evaluation of the student's attainment must cover the result, not the process.

If a college takes this necessary step and recognizes all roads to knowledge, the whole system of credits will have no meaning, for credits are an attempt to evaluate the process rather than the result. Indeed, we may state dogmatically that the abolition of credits is a necessary prerequisite to any real reforms of our higher education. Deprived of its reward in credits, the course would then become but one of the ways in which a specific body of knowledge could be acquired. But the knowledge so acquired would in no way be rated more highly than that gained in any other way.

The life of the intellectual community will comprehend a multitude of activities, of which the formal courses, without credit, will be only one. There will be students following up subjects by private reading, guided by the teacher as an elder brother or doing it on their own. There will be groups of students working together on a problem, with or without the help of a teacher. There will be students' clubs dedicated to certain subjects. There will be formal debates and informal gatherings at which subjects of intellectual interest will be discussed. There will be fierce arguments among students (and among teachers), and much banter which can be understood only by those initiated into the mysteries of a field of knowledge. In all these ways and many others knowledge will be accumulated. Some students will prefer one way, some another. Some teachers will exert their influence from one direction, some from another. But there will be no path to knowledge blocked and none left unexplored. And what is measured will be the knowledge, not the path.

★

IN THIS community, in which the activities of learning overshadow the work of formal teaching, and in which the zest for knowing meets no artificial hindrance, we may be sure that what is learned burns itself deep in the mind. In the give and take of community life concepts are constantly used. They are needed as part of one's equipment in dealing with one's fellows and are therefore not forgotten. At the end of the college years they are all there, bright and ready for use, integrated by the mind which has learned to handle them with easy familiarity. The newcomer in the community is initiated into the life

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of the mind by association with his fellow-students. The teacher is there only as a guide and elder brother who is himself also a learner, for by taking part in the life of the community he also grows in understanding.

Loud objections will at once be raised by those engaged in the teaching profession. Students do not enter with zest into the intellectual life! They hang back and have to be prodded along. They dare you to teach them.

To this, one can reply that in some parts of the world students do behave as we have described. Are American students less intellectually inclined than others? No! American students resist us because we insist on teaching them instead of letting them learn. We compel them to conform to a certain pattern which is not the most attractive, and it is only the following of this pattern that "counts." Of course they do not go in for private reading or for conferences with the teacher or debates or lectures (without credit) offered by the school, for knowledge gained in these ways does not count. Their time is so occupied in working for credits that they have no time for anything else. The stiffer we make the courses the less opportunity they have for exploring the other avenues of knowledge. Take away the credit system, so that all activities of knowing count equally, and the students will at once reach out to experiment with other avenues.

The total experience of the student in an active intellectual community is what can produce a knowledge worthy of an institution of higher learning. The teacher-student relationship must be the relationship of persons in a community, not that of a mechanic to his product. The quantitative standards of industry have no place here. The mentality of the assembly line must go. It stands as an absolute barrier to any significant improvement in our teaching.

★

BUT IT is not the only barrier.

Just as the industrial ideal of teacher-student relations effectually prevents the realization of community life in one direction, so the same ideal worked out in the relations of teacher and administration prevents it in another.

The teacher has become an employee. If, in his contact with students he stands in the relation of mechanic to product, in his contact with the administration he stands in the relation of worker to management. In both directions the factory mentality has triumphed.

One of the most depressing facts in our educational situation is that the teacher has lost his former dignity. I am sure that this decline in the respect offered by society to the teacher is not due primarily to financial considerations. Teachers do not lack dignity because they are poorly paid. They lack dignity because they have become employees, and the employee, who works at the behest of other men, is in an essentially undignified position.

The teacher supposedly belongs to a learned profession; and the characteristic which distinguishes such a profession from a mere "job" is, according to Ruskin, the fact that on occasion the professional man must stand ready to sacrifice himself to maintain certain values that society considers good. In return for this readiness to maintain a value at whatever cost, society has accorded to the professional man, whatever his wealth or birth, a great freedom in running his own affairs. In the teaching profession this freedom shows itself in the right of the teachers to form the policy of the school. The teachers have the duty of defending truth with their lives, and the privilege of heading the educational community. This duty and this privilege together constitute the traditional dignity of the teacher.

In most places where Western culture survives this tradition still exists. Last summer an Oxford Don roused our envy by his casual remarks on the operation of his college. "*We* (meaning the teaching staff) elected so-and-so the warden of the college. *We* decided to admit so many new students. *We* chose the color that the window frames were to be painted. *We* voted to allocate so many pounds to the alteration of one of the halls. Etc., etc." We American teachers then began to ask ourselves, "Is there any decision, any plan, put forth by our institution of which we can truly say '*We* did it. This is *ours?*"

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THE FACT that the American teacher can no longer say "we" in relation to what his institution does is the measure of, and the reason for, his loss of dignity. He is no longer a superior in the community of learning. He is an employee of the administration.

And having been relegated in his work to the status of the employee, the teacher is beginning to take on the mentality of the employee. Since the administration takes from him the right to make policy, he retaliates by ceasing to have much interest in the policy made. Not having a voice in determining the plan under which he operates, he has only lukewarm enthusiasm for the plan; and more often than not he harbors the resentment that the managed man feels against management, and is suspicious even of the good thing that the administration tries to do.

It is tragic to see our colleges, which ought to be real communities, reproducing in themselves just the situation that, in industry, has done so much to rend the modern world. Yet one cannot attend a meeting of a faculty organization without feeling there the atmosphere of the union:

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the blaming of the administration for all that goes wrong, the demanding of more pay and shorter hours, the denouncing of the tricks by which the administration conceals from the faculty the true financial state of affairs.

This is the way men think when they become employees. It appears to be inevitable, and is in general justifiable under the circumstances. But it makes impossible any true community life. An industry is not one community: it is two hostile communities. The gulf between labor and management is so wide that there can be no genuinely common effort, no effort of which all concerned can honestly say "we." The difference of interests between the managers and the managed stands as an effectual barrier against wholehearted co-operation. When this spirit rises in a college the community is shattered. And it *is* rising. The actual unionization of teachers is only a matter of time; and this will be not the beginning but the end of the dignity of the profession, for the teacher will then have to conform his life to the demands of the class struggle. It is thus that the emergence of the administration as the dominant power has proletarianized the teacher and helped ruin the community.

★

THE ASSEMBLY LINE mentality, then, which views the teacher as the man on production, the administration as management, and the student as in some sense the product, prevents the institution of higher learning from becoming a true community of persons interested in things of the intellect. By allowing the intrusion of this mentality into our colleges we in America have got ourselves into a blind alley, educationally speaking, and we can make no significant progress until we get out of it. The initial—not the final—step in any effective reform will be to get rid of the concepts which rise from this mentality: the quantitative evaluation of learning, the idea of knowledge as an additive accumulation of parts, the idea of the teacher as a skilled workman who affixes a "course" to a person and who is himself subject to "management." If this set of ideas can be junked, then there is possibility that our schools can be grounded on assumptions more adequate to a community of persons engaged in teaching and learning.

We Catholics should have an opportunity here, for we have an educational tradition that is communal, not industrial. Our Medieval universities knew nothing of courses for credit. In them the teacher was not an employee, but a master. They were true communities, autonomous and with great dignity. Perhaps if we were not so devoutly interested in making our schools "just as good" as the secular schools we could follow our own past and make them manifestly better.

Dog Days in Illinois

When legislators are asked to choose between children and dogs, the public gets a lesson in practical politics

James O'Gara

NO ONE could blame certain Illinois lawmakers for feeling that they were being used unfairly during the last session of the Legislature. There are certain matters on which even run-of-the-mill local politicians take very strong positions. Like Calvin Coolidge, they are firm in their opposition to Sin. On the more positive side, they strongly favor Home and Mother. Children they consider the Hope of America's future, and they frequently refer to the dog as Man's Best Friend, a position which is somehow tied up with true, red-blooded Americanism.

In view of these circumstances, certain events of the recent session of the Illinois legislature were more confusing than amusing. It is true that the law-makers were not asked to come out against Home and Mother, but the situation was almost that bad. The Legislature was presented with a bill which demanded that they choose between children and dogs. This is obviously a horrible decision to present to any man subject to popular election, and it is on occasions like these that the life of the local legislator becomes a hard one indeed.

★

THINGS STARTED out calmly enough. Every year thousands of stray dogs are picked up in the area by various agencies. By far the biggest percentage of these dogs are never claimed. After the lapse of a reasonable time to make sure the dogs are not family pets, they are put to death.

Add to this the fact that there are in the Chicago area four great medical schools which yearly

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turn out hundreds of doctors. In these medical schools, students are trained in difficult operations by the use of dogs—when they can get them.

In addition to the actual training of future doctors, these schools and their affiliated hospitals and medical centers do a great deal of research which again involves the use of animals. Before being successfully applied to babies, such surgical techniques as the now famous "blue baby" operation were first worked out and perfected on dogs.

To meet this need, there was introduced into the Legislature a bill to make unclaimed dogs available to the medical schools and research centers for use in training and experimentation. The doctors said they needed the dogs, and in view of the fact that the unclaimed dogs are killed anyway, most people did not see the explosive qualities involved in the measure. How wrong they were was soon demonstrated.

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OVER THE years I have managed to avoid any thorough-going study of the Hearst press. However, even to a casual observer it seems clear that the Hearst papers have long had some sort of vested interest in anti-vivisection. I am not quite clear on the origin of this particular crusade, but I have a vague and possibly mistaken impression that early in his career William Randolph Hearst invented the dog.

Whatever the reasons, on this occasion the local Hearst paper responded to the introduction of the dog pound bill much the way Vishinsky would if you waved J. Edgar Hoover in his face. Published in Chicago, the paper immediately became the inspiration and rallying-point for all the anti-vivisectionists.

Irene Castle McLaughlin Enzinger is a name familiar to even the amateur Hearst reader. The first time this famous anti-vivisectionist appeared before the Legislature and wept as she testified against the bill, the legislators got a preview of what they were in for. Hastily some of them tried to backtrack out of the way of the coming flood, but it was no use.

There was no escape for them. The legislators could not wiggle out of making their choice: dogs or babies? No wonder many of them felt they were being unjustly put upon.

★

THE AMOUNT of heat such a relatively unimportant piece of legislation could generate afforded the innocent by-stander an eye-opener into the hidden realities of political life. During the course of the debate, one woman representative became convinced that the bill was a good one and changed her vote from nay to aye. The flood of letters she received would provide a student with a liberal education in practical politics. Sample excerpts:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself for being such a coward to be bought off or threatened by a bunch of insane blood-thirsty cut-throats. Have you forgotten the ten commandments? You vote against God's will. I hope you get what's coming to you."

"Don't come to the House of God nor anywhere decent folks have to be. Let us be able to breathe clean air. Every time decent folks see you in church, homes or social gatherings, how we will loathe and despise you. Nightly we will pray God that you and yours will suffer as you are making these poor things suffer. Everytime we see or hear your name we will utter a prayer for your suffering."

Another letter-writer summed up her opinions tersely: "Never again should women with heart and humanity tolerate such a cold-blooded sadist as you. You are vicious as well as contemptible."

Another writer, exploring the more misty areas of theological opinion, had this to offer: "I do hope that if reincarnation takes place after death, as some people believe, the transformations of [here there was a list of those favoring the bill] will be in the form of friendless, hungry, pain-racked canines. . . ."

The sponsor of the bill in the House read a letter he had received which said: "I hope you go blind and need a seeing dog before you die."

The torrent of such letters made it necessary for some state legislators to make their devotion to dogs, and indeed to all dumb animals, a matter of public record. Said one such legislator, who was opposed to the bill: "Where dogs are concerned, I'm a softie." He went on to explain; "I don't even like to eat chicken when I think it has to be killed first. No, it has nothing to do with Mr. Hearst. I just can't stand the idea of dogs being butchered. I love them."

★

IT SHOULD not be thought for one minute that Hearst and the anti-vivisectionists had a corner on the hearts-and-flowers department. Once the issue got off the intellectual level, which it did almost immediately, it became clear to the bill's supporters that the final tally would be determined by tears and pressure. So those who wanted the bill went to work with a will.

One of the more potent influences in support of the effort to make dogs available for medical research was Chicago's *Sun-Times*. The result of a merger between Marshall Field's liberal *Sun* and the New-Dealing *Times*, published by Richard Finnegan, the *Sun-Times* is a tabloid which packs a punch. On this issue its editors were as pro-vivisection as Hearst was anti. As the battle warmed up the *Sun-Times* pulled out

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all the stops, fighting Hearst in a language he could understand.

Once its campaign got started, hardly a day went by that the enterprising *Sun-Times* did not succeed in finding a blue baby who owed its life to research and experimentation originally done on dogs. On good days the paper might have as many as six.

Usually the reporters concentrated their efforts in the home districts of legislators opposed to vivisection. Then they filled the paper with pictures of laughing, playing children and happy parents, with not-so-subtle messages for the elected official from the district.

Some sample messages printed by the *Sun-Times,* flanked by pictures of care-free children: "Rep. Weber: These happy children have a vote message for you. . . . Rep. O'Neill: Read this story of a boy and a dog. . Rep. Hruby: Do you want to halt these life-giving miracles? . . . Rep. Schuler: Learn why this stricken child can now laugh."

I was not able to make a complete count, by any means, but before I had lost track I had counted in the *Sun-Times* pictures of some thirty-odd children.

The pictures, too, were suitably captioned: "A live-wire now, Janette can't be recognized as last year's 'blue baby.'" "Dolores can skate and play and laugh again because doctors learned to cure her malady by surgery on dogs." "A healthy child again, thanks to a 'patent ductus' operation, is George, 7. George's parents can't understand arguments against vivisection that gave their boy a new start in life." "Twenty smiles vote 'yes' for dog pound bill." "A dog was his best pal."

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IT IS HARD to see how any legislator could resist such dramatic and yet factual arguments. Some law-makers did change their position, and for a while it looked as if fighting Hearst-fire with fire was going to work and that the bill would pass.

In the end, however, despite the obvious need and all the good work, the tears that flowed so freely every time dogs were mentioned proved to be just too much for the bill. The bill managed to survive torrents of oratory, committee hearings, packed galleries, and efforts to impose crippling amendments. But when the showdown came on the floor of the House, many members sat silent and refused to vote one way or the other. Evidently they felt that a vote in either direction meant political suicide.

On a roll-call vote, the bill ended up fourteen votes short of the number needed for passage. Chalk up another victory for William Randolph Hearst and anti-vivisection.

The Excommunication Decree in France

LILY DOBLHOFF

IN PARIS it was expected that the publication of the decree of the Holy See excommunicating Catholics involved in Communism would profoundly move French Catholics. During the course of the previous month, the movement of "Progressive Christians" had been in the forefront of public interest. In France cardinals, bishops, writers and philosophers have, indeed, for a long time considered it necessary to take a stand for or against the "Progressive Christians." And it should not be forgotten that in France especially, as long ago as 1935 and 1936, the Communist Party launched an appeal to Catholics for collaboration, and invited them to proceed hand in hand in the political and social fields. It was in France that the leader of the Communist Party, Maurice Thorez, inaugurated the policy of the "outstretched hand" and strongly emphasized collaboration between Catholics and Communists.

As is so often the case in France, the reaction to Rome's edict has been both a masterpiece of logic and at the same time purely emotional. Above all, the reaction has displayed an unexpected unanimity: indeed, up to now the only dissident voice has been that of Abbé Boulier, and that was heard not in France but in Prague! The statement he gave to the French News Agency sounds like a threat to Rome: "One cannot help remembering the excommunication of Queen Elizabeth and the incalculable consequences that deed had for Great Britain. In our days, when the people have the power, it is on them that the ban falls."

The French echo to the decree, as so many expressions of the French mind have been, was first of all another proof of the high intelligence and outstanding brain work of this nation. Every single prominent figure of the Progressive Christians has stated emphatically that the decision of Rome scarcely touches French Catholics at all, because only very few practicing Catholics have joined the Communist Party.

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COMBAT, the progressive daily, which always gives great prominence to the tendencies of modern Catholicism, and every week has a special page devoted to the "Citizens of the World," published the views of the best known "progressive" writers as soon as the excommunication decree was issued. First of all, M. Moiroud, Secretary-General of the Union of Progres-

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sive Christians, stated, "We consider that this decree does not concern us because (1) the Union of Progressive Christians is not based on Marxist materialism, and (2) our organization is independent of all other parties including the Communist Party." And he continues, "Our Union has never taken a position relative to Marxist ideology except on practical problems."

The last issue of *Témoignage Chrétien*, whose editor and founder is Father Pierre Chaillet, S.J., quotes a declaration of Monsignor Ancel, saying: "(1) Progressive Christians are not Communists and thus differ from the Italian Progressive Christians; (2) they do not represent any other political party or political movement, but are in themselves a group united by the same economic and political ideas."

★

THE editor of *Combat,* however, Claude Bourdet himself, does not seem to share the definite views of the leaders of the Progressive Christians that this decree does not affect them. "Does the decree refer to Progressive Christians?" he asks, and by asking, acknowledges that it does. "Formally, at least [they are right; it does not], since Progressive Christians are not members of the Communist Party and have their own deputies in Parliament." Claude Bourdet thinks, nevertheless, that the belief of Frenchmen that "all this does not concern them" is true only at first glance and that this feeling of removal from the issue may be due mainly to the fact that in other regions of Europe—in Italy, on the one hand, and in the "popular democracies" on the other—Communism is linked more closely to the everyday life of the Catholic population.

Emmanuel Mounier, Director of the review *Esprit,* vehicle for "progressive" Christian ideas, endeavors to distinguish two aspects or branches of Communism: first, the socialist inheritance and evolution, and second, the totalitarian religion. He says that the Church condemns only the second feature of Communism, with its political absolutism.

There can be no doubt that in France, the country of passionate discussion of every intellectual issue, such an analytical vivisection of every paragraph, every single word of the edict, will develop a series of views supporting and contradicting every sentence, every expression. Thus, the first translation published in France cited those "inscribed as members of the Communist Party or supporters of it"; while the text published in *La Croix,* the official Catholic daily paper, printed the same text differently—"those enrolled in the Communist Party or favoring it in any way"—which extends the application, it seems, to sympathizers wherever they are to be found: in every party, labor union, unit of the press. [The text published in the American diocesan press applies the excommunication to those who "enlist in or show favor to the Communist Party."]

Besides the leaders of the "Progressive Christians" quoted above, no one in France doubts that the spirit and intention of the Holy Office's pronouncement, even if the words do not formulate it precisely, refer very directly to all those who support and help Communism. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the first manifesto of the Progressive Christians "recommended" that Catholics join the Communist Party in order to disseminate within it their own ideas so that finally they might take over the leading rôles. It was only after the Union observed the shock caused by this advice that a second text was published which emphatically stressed that "no adhesion to any other organization or party is demanded," but that "unity of action of all 'progressives' is needed and a firm stand is to be taken in order to achieve this unity."

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THERE is no doubt that in France, the country of individualism *par excellence,* the decree will have to be explained and elucidated in detail by every bishop and even by every curate. More, the priests themselves will be reluctant to withhold such Sacraments as Marriage and Extreme Unction until official clarification from Rome and precise directives from the French hierarchy have followed. It is because of their extreme individualism that Frenchmen refuse to be set into a general pattern or touched by a general decree, and for this reason the clergy is expected to be faced with the task of making numerous delicate decisions in individual cases. M. François Mauriac, whose passionate stand against Communists and their sympathizers is well known, expresses the special problems that will follow in France from Rome's decision:

"In a free country such as ours, impregnated with the Cartesian spirit, I do not believe there are many of the faithful who are inconsequential enough to receive the Sacraments and profess at the same time the creed of materialism. But it cannot be ignored that there are certain cases, above all in France, of devout souls who are not ready to accept injustice; and their fault and their error is that through their overwhelming hatred of capitalism they are blind to the other injustice no less threatening to humanity and to God's rule —the great totalitarian police empire: its materialism is the doctrine of state; it has become law. Very often the weed has been taken for the wheat. How clean away one without destroying the other? That is one of the oldest problems of the father of a family, and I think there is none which presents a greater dilemma."

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IT MUST be obvious to all that Rome, perceiving that materialism is attacking the very roots of the Christian spirit and that it is not even restrained from trying to create discord within the Church itself in the countries behind the Iron Curtain, wanted to clarify the position of Catholicism and outline precisely the stand which Catholics must take. It is to be hoped that this clarification will bring about the result so beautifully worded by Gabriel Marcel, one of the best French writers and a man of great spiritual sense and responsibility: "It seems to me that the decree simply acknowledges the totalitarian character of Communism throughout the world. Whatever propositions of accord Communists have made to Catholics, these propositions have always been dictated by opportunism and could not conceal the fact that Communism represents a philosophy contrary in all points not only to the doctrine of the Church but also to all ways of thought in which she expresses herself. If a regrettably great number of Catholics have stubbornly ignored these elementary truths, I consider it only normal that the Holy See, having shown great leniency in this matter, should recall these truths to blinded consciences. It is only because former warnings of the Holy Father have not been understood that he has had to take these rigorous measures—surgical measures if you like —measures which answer the overriding demands of the present moment."

The Labor Movement

UAW Convention

THERE WAS such helplessness about Walter Reuther's defeated opponents at Milwaukee that his suggestions for the ouster of some of them seemed unnecessary. They were such little, sputtering puppets that it seemed sorrowful somehow so abruptly to snip their strings.

Mr. Reuther was naturally offended by the mediocrity about men like Tracy Doll and Sam Sage; but to characterize them as "traitors" was to give them an artificial stature that seemed not only undeserved, but must have surprised even them.

It is understandable that men who appear in this instance so undedicated or so unprincipled would prompt Mr. Reuther to quick, hot anger; but his action here gave to his personality and leadership a brief division that stripped from him, for a moment, the legend invented by his enemies and collaborated in by those who give him a baffled admiration and respect.

The legend is, of course, that Mr. Reuther is emotionally diabetic, a man akin to Jacques Futrelles' Professor Van Dusen, who was called, as my generation so fondly remembers, "The Thinking Machine." But it is difficult to sustain the legend—a foolish and inartistic characterization from the beginning—in the face of Mr. Reuther's angry action against men who made, with such ordered calculation, so intemperate an attack upon him.

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THESE TWO men of obvious pro-Communist stamp, in a clearly hopeless attempt both to discredit Mr. Reuther and to defeat him, circulated throughout the union a report alleging gangsterism and racketeering within the UAW. The report had been made by a committee which was appointed at the UAW convention in 1946. After the report had been made, it was, in Mr. Reuther's truthful words, "so fantastic, so full of lies and distortions that the political faction which then controlled the international executive board—the Addes-Thomas-Leonard group—insisted that it not be made public and took back all copies." In some clearly underhanded manner Doll and Sage, members of the union, got hold of this report and attempted so to use it that it could be made to appear that such charges as it contained were the fault of Mr. Reuther. The convention statement of these two men that they acted "in the cause of democracy and good, clean unionism" is patent nonsense.

But their expulsion from the union, by the convention, seems to be a rough and extreme penalty which may tend to have a blighting effect on all criticism of the union officials, and make the literarure of opposition and propaganda conform wholly to the truth. Such a rule applied to American politics might be useful in raising its low standard, but between it and the Alien and Sedition Acts we have, thus far, made firm choice. It is true, of course, that free speech does not give one the right "falsely to cry fire in a crowded theatre," but I find it difficult to persuade myself that Doll and Sage were shrieking in the midst of flames.

This problem is not unrelated to another in the business of running a great union and involves, too, the question of authority and discipline.

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HITHERTO in the UAW the problem of an individual's dissidence was one for his local union. Charges were made against him by his local and he was tried by his local. He had, of course, the right to appeal from an adverse judgment to the executive board of the international union and from there to the conventions— a delegate body which met annually.

Such an arrangement was designed not only as a concession to local autonomy, but its appellate character firmly imbedded it in the democratic process. There was, however, one difficulty about it, and the history of the UAW shows it to be a difficulty which was real. It was that in a local union tightly run the local union trial could be, and sometimes was, a denial of the democratic process. For since the officials controlled the local they controlled the election of the trial committee. Thus charges brought against officials of the local union were sterilized and conviction made impossible. Since the right

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of appeal was the right of the accused, and the accused went untouched, the international union was unable to prevent or to punish offenses of lesser officials.

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AT THE convention in Milwaukee Mr. Reuther sought a remedy for this evil, which was a result of fear of international executive authority, and was prompted by a desire to maintain, so to put it, local government. But local government which had become a travesty, and which balked justice could not be suffered to continue.

Therefore Mr. Reuther proposed a new trial procedure. It does not abolish the old system. But it does give the international executive board, by two-thirds vote, power to reach down into the locals, and to prefer charges against union members, either because of violations of the constitution, "or for conduct unbecoming a member of the union, *where it appears that the welfare of the international union or of any local union is adversely affected.*"

Thus the accused would be brought before an international trial committee which was selected by the executive board from the names of delegates to the convention. A two-thirds vote of this trial jury could convict. The only redress would be to the executive board—the accuser—and from thence to the next general convention.

Since this proposal was approved at Milwaukee and is now the law in the UAW's land, it has left some of the union people with a good deal of uneasiness, and some have already raised the cry of "dictatorship."

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WHEREVER men are given power it is right to feel disturbed. Power seems to carry with it a peculiar gift of corrosion. All over the world men dream of power and lust after it in their hearts. The beaches and deserts are filled, in history, with the blanched bones of men who have been killed that others may possess power. It is a morally enfeebling thing, yet we must risk its giving.

For the problem of liberty is to reconcile it with order and order has never existed in the absence of authority.

It is absurd, it seems to me, to erect an institution and leave it helpless to deal with what affects its own safety and its welfare. An international union like the UAW is a government, and all government must be able to preserve itself. It is expected in a decent world that governments, possessed of authority, will act with restraint. The testimony of history is that they do not. And so the same men fear authority who know that its absence is anarchy.

This new grant of power in the UAW, however, seems to me to be exactly that. It has made its compromise with necessity. But so long as there are conventions in the UAW, and its constitution is made by the conventions, the Lord giveth and the Lord can taketh.

FRANCIS DOWNING

Catholic International News

The Communist Excommunication

NOT all Communists have been excommunicated by the decree of the Holy Office of July 1, it is being pointed out in well-informed ecclesiastical circles in Rome. Of the four questions submitted to the Cardinals' Congregation of the Holy Office, only the last involved the question of excommunication.

According to the answers given by the Cardinals and approved by the Pope, it is forbidden to join or aid the Communist Party, or to read, distribute, or otherwise aid Communist publications. Those who do so "knowingly and voluntarily" may not be admitted to the sacraments of the Church; they are not excommunicated, however, unless they fall also under the definition of the fourth question. Excommunication, reserved to the Holy See, has been pronounced against those who "profess the materialist and anti-Christian doctrines of Communism, and especially those who defend or spread them."

It is necessary, therefore, to distinguish three groups of Communists, ecclesiastical circles here state:

(1) Those who are Communists under coercion (a frequent case in Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, etc.) do not fall under the Decree of the Holy Office at all and may receive the sacraments of the Church.

(2) Those who have joined the Communist Party for economic reasons and, while doing so, believed that they could remain Catholics at the same time, will have to be enlightened about the incompatability of Communist doctrine with Christianity. If they promise to leave the party, they may be given absolution in the confessional, and admitted to Holy Communion. If they persist in wanting to remain both Communists and Catholics, they will be considered as no longer in good faith and will be excluded from the sacraments. They will not be excommunicated, however.

(3) Those Communists who accept the materialistic and atheistic doctrines of Communism are excommunicated as apostates from the faith. No public statement of their acceptance of these doctrines is needed. They incur excommunication even if they make such a statement, privately, provided that it is clear and explicit. The excommunication may be lifted only by the Holy See and by ecclesiastical dignitaries to whom the Pope may delegate such power.

Roman ecclesiastical circles also point out that this is not the first time that members of the Communist Party have been deprived of the sacraments of the Church. Rules to this effect have been in force for a considerable length of time in the Netherlands, and in various dioceses of Italy. (Rome, 7/20—CIP.)

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French Cardinals on Catholic School Question

FRENCH Catholics were urged by their four Cardinals to "use their rights as citizens for obtaining from the public authorities a school law offering all families the possibility of having their children educated in schools which fulfill the demands of their conscience." Efforts to this effect should be made "in a spirit of mutual understanding and mutual respect among all our fellow citizens," the Cardinals declared.

"We shall not cease to repeat," the pastoral declared, "that it is not democratic liberty to allow only the well-to-do to choose the school for their children. The State has the duty of finding as soon as possible a formula which, in accordance with the present economy of French society, assures the equitable use of freedom of conscience and thought to all, regardless of their financial condition. . . . We are convinced, beloved brethren, that if all Catholics, united in brotherhood, continue to urge recognition of the rights of the Christian school and if they remain inspired by the will to serve national unity in a spirit of mutual understanding and mutual respect among all our fellow citizens, the sacred right of the families will triumph soon."

The Cardinals' pastoral letter contained a special word of thanks to the teachers in Catholic schools, a majority of whom are lay teachers: "Now that the end of the school year is approaching, we feel urged to express, in behalf of the French Hierarchy, the gratitude of the parents towards the teachers in our Christian schools. . . . In spite of a remuneration which in no way is in accordance with their competence and their responsibility, the teachers of our Christian schools have remained loyal to their task. Owing to their devotion, those parents who wish to assure the Christian life of their children, have always been able to find schools where education and instruction are peacefully combined, where the religious training of the soul remains in perfect harmony with the development of the mind, and where the pupil learns to love his country and its freely-chosen institutions."

(Paris, 7/19—CIP.)

Mission Statistics from Japan

IN an article, "Hiroshima: Four Years After," published in *Jesuit Missions,* Rev. Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J., writes: "There is today great hope for our missions in Japan. In four years since the war, 459 new missionaries have gone to various parts of that nation. One hundred and thirteen of them are Canadians and 101 are Americans; the rest are divided among twenty-two different nationalities. The total mission personnel in Japan is now over 963 priests and brothers, and more than 2,290 sisters.

"Though there are only about 122,000 Catholics in all of Japan, the growth in the last four years has been phenomenal. Last year alone, 6,845 *adults* were baptized, 15,278 prospective converts were under instructions, and 38,108 students, mostly non-Christian, went to our schools. Already one-fourth of all the priests and brothers and three-fourths of all the sisters in Japan are Japanese."

The Stage & Screen

Miss Liberty

IN REFERENCE to the above mish-mash, it is too hot to be enraged, although of course, I will do my best. As succinctly as possible, Irving Berlin's, Robert E. Sherwood's, and Moss Hart's offering is the most profoundly stupid I have seen since "Allegro." It is pretentious, silly, and expensive. It is also musically fatuous, scenically ridiculous, and dull. Most of all, it wastes every talent it employs.

I suppose there must have been an idea somewhere, sometime, behind the general mess now on view at the Imperial. The fable has to do with an innocent, if fraudulent, model for the State of Liberty; the doings of her libidinous aged Aunt; the doings of her American Reporter Boyfriend; and finally, a grand tableau of Bartholdi's statue cut out of cardboard and swaying to a shouted interpretation of Emma Lazarus's poem—an interpretation springing from nothing, certainly, but the general hot air. A terrible and shameful show.

Rumor has it that the three movers have already left town. I can only earnestly hope that each of the promoted $800,000 ticket-takers will display as much wit. (*At the Imperial*)

Cabalgata

S. HUROK'S importation of this Spanish Revue is, honestly, honest stuff. The business seemed to me delightful, and as enchantingly set and dressed as could be. I cannot imagine better summer entertainment, and as opposition to the loud nonsense of our own men (see above), it is a cause for gratitude. Please look out for the three Falla songs played by Jose Cortes, sung by Rosa de Avila, and severally danced by Vargas, Garcia, Alba, Toledano and Fernandez. These are entirely lovely and would be my choice among the other excellencies; but all is fine and gay and I wish you may see it. (*At the Broadway*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Going Loretta's Way

THE MOVIES seem to have discovered only two formulas for presenting Catholicism to their entertainment-hungry audiences: 1) in serious, highly emotional films about saints like Bernadette, Joan and Vincent de Paul; or 2) in light, rather synthetic comedies that win many laughs as their hero priest or nun turns out to be human after all and that also win a few tears before bluebirds of happiness make everything come out right. Outstanding in the first group is the recent and excellent French film, "Monsieur Vincent." And of course foremost in the second group is "Going My Way," in which Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby

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crossed methods but not ideologies as priests who charmed Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Perhaps to Catholics the main asset of this second group of movies, which are usually entertaining in spite of their sugary qualities, is that they do win friends and influence people.

"Come to the Stable," which is a new entry in this second group, is very likely to vie with "Going My Way" for foremost position. It tells a delightful and very gentle story of two nuns who come from France to Bethlehem, Connecticut, to establish a children's hospital. Being without money or land they meet with many difficulties, but having great faith, courage and sincerity, they take their problems in bold stride; and they deserve applause at their final victory. Of course they do get considerable help along the way—from a slightly wacky artist (Elsa Lanchester) who lets them stay in her studio-stable, from a racketeer (Thomas Gomez) who gives them the necessary land, from the bishop (Basil Ruysdael) whose practical mind is softened somewhat when he realizes that these sisters of the Order of Holy Endeavor are an irresistible force let loose in New England. A sub-plot concerns a neighbor (Hugh Marlowe) who isn't too pleasant about having a hospital across the road from him, but who gets a change of heart when he realizes that the new song he has just composed was lifted from Gregorian Plain Chant.

It isn't so much the script (written by Oscar Millard and Sally Benson from a story by Claire Boothe Luce) that will attract you to "The Stable" as it is the picture's mellow-sweet flavor and the charming nuns played by Loretta Young and Celeste Holm. As the leader of the group, Loretta is devout and determined, and you are not at all surprised at her skill at handling a jeep or swinging a sledge. Guileless Celeste's prowess with the tennis racket, however, is most unexpected; and the scene built around her game is one of this amusing film's best. In fact Director Henry Koster was most successful in depicting character and in the little episodes that illustrate a point. While "Come to the Stable" will not startle anyone for its depth of philosophical study, it will win many friends by being vastly entertaining.

Perhaps audiences don't want to think during this hot weather anyway; at least the critics don't—so it is a good thing that nothing too soul searching has turned up. *"The Girl from Jones Beach"* isn't as cool and refreshing as its title sounds. It is, in fact, a rather dull and tasteless little comedy about an artist (Ronald Reagan) who has been fooling twelve girls into thinking that each one of them is the model for the famous Randolph girl. When he finally meets the girl (Virginia Mayo) who in all departments could have been the model for his artistic creation, she turns out to be a school teacher. There is a great deal of chasing on and off a beach with the help of Eddie Bracken; and there are many wisecracks about brains and legs and stuff. But it will take much less tiresome fare than this to take your mind off the weather.

"You're My Everything," although a bit trite in plot, has been done so well that you almost forget you've seen its backstage story again and again. Dan Dailey, as a musical comedy hoofer, marries Proper Bostonian Anne Baxter, and much to everyone's surprise the marriage works out well. The couple even get along smoothly when Anne lands in the movies and becomes an IT girl of silent films. Dan doesn't get his big chance in Hollywood until sound takes over. Their only quarrel of any major proportions comes when Dan sneaks their little girl (Shari Robinson) into picture work. She's cute in a sort of too-adult way, but she's no Shirley Temple. You won't be at all bored by "You're My Everything" because Dailey handles some good old songs excellently in his well-timed song-and-dance routines, and Anne's impersonation of the hot-cha girls of the twenties provides some of the most brilliant satire that has appeared in a movie in a long time.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Short and Select

J. F. POWERS

SO MANY of the sermons in literature seem to be bad. In this, perhaps, is proof again that literature is life. *Antic Hay*: "Standing in front of the spread brass eagle and fortified in his convictions by the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy"—the Reverend Mr. Pelvey. *Dubliners*: "He told his hearers that he was there that evening for no terrifying, no extravagant purpose; but as a man of the world speaking to his fellow-men. He came to speak to business men and he would speak to them in a businesslike way. If he might use the metaphor, he said, he was their spiritual accountant"—Father Purdon. *A Handful of Dust*: "He was an elderly man who had served in India most of his life. . . . His sermons had been composed in his more active days for delivery at the garrison chapel; he had done nothing to adapt them to the changed conditions of his ministry and they mostly concluded with some reference to homes and dear ones far away. The villagers did not find this in any way surprising. Few of the things said in church seemed to have any particular reference to themselves. They enjoyed their vicar's sermons very much and they knew that when he began about their distant homes, it was time to be dusting their knees and feeling for their umbrellas"—the Reverend Mr. Tendril.

I suppose a writer going to church has more than an average interest in the sermon. In America it is a somewhat Protestant interest, perhaps. Certainly it can be a source of much woe. I myself have suffered all my adult life from something I can only describe as My Sunday Sickness. This is what comes from listening intently during the sermon. Sleepers and the indifferent Awake are never afflicted, and that they are dead or indifferent to the preacher is no test of their faith: it could be a testament to their wisdom, but very likely they are there, as they should be, for the Mass, and in that circumstance is one of the differences between Catholic and Protestant and also the reason our sermons on the whole are no better than they need be.

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PRIESTS are not "called" from the minor leagues, as it were, to the majors—not for their excellence in the pulpit. (Monsignor Sheen is a phenomenon, though his imitators are legion.) Little stress, seemingly, is put on preaching in the seminary. Like clerical bookkeeping, it is touched upon perhaps (everybody has to give *one*—and mind the gestures!), but necessity, it is hoped, will bring out the art if it is there. This is commendable if we are spared the spectacle of the man with nothing to say saying it well and at length.

And still there must exist many misapprehensions about the sermon in high places. Regularly we of the congregation are exposed to a series of sermons dealing with the sacraments, say, in which they are served up cold, defined, with little or no interpretation; as though definitions were elements in physics and if you got the right ones in you'd get the right result, i.e., the truth comprehended. (Recently I was advised to go to the attic very few of us have any more and find my old catechism—ten minutes reading a day would dispel the darkness, a really charitable diagnosis of my needs, but one for which I could be, only in a way, grateful.) It is thought, I can merely presume, that this is enough, that this comes under "Go forth and teach ye all nations." Our Lord, however, did not teach by abstractions. He knew that something different—I would say more—was necessary. It is this, when it is there, that places the preacher under the exigency of the writer, the actor, himself both in one, to convince. It is this—art over but not without fact—when it is attempted, particularly in print, that a writer can judge as he would the work of another writer.

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MR. WAUGH has made a purely personal selection* from a single field of Monsignor Knox's art. Here I ought to admit that at least one reader of the famous *Essays in Satire* was saddened by the news some years ago that Ronald Knox had undertaken the task of translating the Bible. Doubtless there were readers of his detective stories too, perhaps even clerical readers not shameless enough to admit it, who experienced a similar sorrow at the time.

Mr. Waugh might have chosen from "the fine linen" of the Monsignor's devotional conferences; from "the durable tweed" he fashioned for undergraduates at Oxford while chaplain there; or from the "fresh little lace handkerchiefs for the schoolgirls at Aldenham," published here as *The Mass in Slow Motion*. But, significantly, Mr. Waugh as the originator of this book, beautiful both inside and out, has chosen chiefly from the "rich carpets spread for the feet of prelates and scholars."

The sermon itself, Mr. Waugh writes in the preface, has fallen on lean days. "Microphone and magazine have largely usurped the place of the pulpit, but the sermon remains a classic literary form, long anterior to the essay or the novel." Monsignor Knox's sermons are short, and Mr. Waugh has a word on that: "With a humility which does greater honor to themselves than to the laity, the clergy of today seem to believe that twenty minutes is the extreme span of patient attention, so that the panegyric, the form most apt for grand architectural plan and enrichment, is in danger of following the masque and the epic into obsolescence."

Monsignor Knox has given the sermons titles like "Success" and "Heroism," but it becomes clear that these words do not mean what they usually mean. Is not Saint Edward the Confessor—"for all his practical effect upon our history he might as well never have lived"—the very model of Success when we consider that "nothing is recorded of men but whether they meant good or evil, whether they loved or neglected God?" Is not Abbot Matthews, of Ampleforth, his world-to-be-won his monastery, the perfect subject for "Greatness"?

"Zeal" is the word for Father Faber who, when a mission sermon was going badly, cried out, "How can I touch your hearts? I have prayed to Jesus, I have prayed to Mary; whom shall I pray to next? I will pray to *you,* my dear Irish children, to have mercy on your own souls!" The same priest at the end of a magnificent procession of Our Lady burst into tears, saying, "Won't Mamma be pleased?" Ronald Knox, himself anything but this sort, has produced in this sermon a "character study" that deserves to be read as such, and it is odd how much admiration there is in it. It is as though he looked behind the tears and gestures until he found the thing about Father Faber that charmed his auditors in life—it is not on the printed page—the saint beneath the skin.

★

THERE ARE sermons on Cardinal Newman—on Matrimony—this in an unfamiliar non-obstetric manner I should like to see copied—on Homage to the King, not destined to be a great favorite over here but enlightening as to the British attitude—on Individualism: this directed at scientists, "Now, in every country where State-worship gets the upper hand, there is something peculiarly ominous about a conspiracy between the men of action and the men of science"—on a war memorial, in which the line "No greater love . . ." does not appear—and, one of the best, a tribute to the Society of Jesus recalling to me Trotsky's remark, also a tribute: "In his psychology and method of action the Jesuit of the 'heroic' period distinguished himself from an average priest as the warrior of a church from its shopkeeper."

These are not "essays," then, a common objection to sermons that read well, but the real thing meant to be given as they were in fact given—indeed as one at least, to my knowledge, was given by an American priest with a taste for experiment. It was no discredit, I think, that the congregation received the Knox from him with the equanimity to which he was accustomed. For, to paraphrase a quotation that used to appear on the back cover

*A Selection from the Occasional Sermons of the Right Reverend Monsignor Ronald Arbuthnott Knox. Selected and edited by Evelyn Waugh, Dropmore Press (London). £2 2s.

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of *Poetry,* great sermons require great congregations; at least they do to go over; and some of these eleven sermons are great. The conclusion often drawn from this proposition only seems to be true, i.e., mediocre congregations require mediocre sermons, although this might explain why so many whose talents must certainly lie elsewhere see it their duty to become preachers, as if fulfilling a law of supply and demand. Who hasn't suffered the pedant trying to be a regular fellow? And the regular fellow—with a real feeling for baseball, say—trying to be dark and tragical?

But the worst is that so many excellent men talk down to congregations all their life, always with the hope of reaching great numbers at a level that language, their's at least, just won't reach without perverting its purpose—assuming that souls are to be found there actually; there is no evidence that they are, from the sermons of Jesus. Monsignor Knox adverts to this temptation—at several removes so that it is readily recognizable unless you happen to be in the publishing racket:

"A man of business, he had restricted himself to a single form of business—that journalism which sells to the public the news it wants to hear told, and the views it wants to hear expressed. A man of political ambition, he contented himself with a single form of political activity—that journalism which praises or blames, and to the best of its power appoints or dismisses, parliaments and ministers of the Crown. Hewing his own way up the difficult path of public fame by the force of his native energy, he achieved a position of prominence almost unrivalled in our memory. True, it was not one of personal prominence; we did not often see his portrait or hear what manner of man he was: many whose thought he influenced from day to day did not even know his title. True again, it was a precarious power he exercised; for the newspaper proprietor, while he aspires to be the tyrant of public opinion, must in many ways stoop to be its slave. . . ."

Books

Revolt In San Marcos. Robert Carver North. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

HENRY WALLACE well might have written this book. He didn't, of course. But it is his spirit, surely, which lives in Carlos Chichayan, as Carlos pursues his forlorn search for a common denominator of brotherhood which will resolve human greed and ambition, and bring peace and happiness to all. He is not cast in heroic mold, this Carlos, but he is the hero of the story nonetheless. His own private Devil, whose ram's-headed figure leers at him even from the Cross, is the villain of the piece.

Carlos is a South American Indian who abandons home and tribe at the age of thirteen, when a half-intended shot from his sling kills his hated step-brother. Fleeing to the city, his ability to shoot a stream of urine halfway across the Street of the Twenty-Eighth of June, arouses the admiration of an older lad who is wise in the ways of the streets. Taking Carlos under his wing, Pepillo tries to initiate the Indian boy in the art of thievery. But the Devil has other plans in mind for Carlos, and he fails miserably in his first easy test—the stealing of a poor-box from the church.

Carlos is not abandoned by his mentor. Pepillo is too much fascinated by Carlos' powerful belly to cast him easily aside. Fortunately Pepillo has a sister who operates a bordello and knows, as a consequence, important people. One of her clients is Salomón Rodríguez, head cook in the palace of the Chief Judge of the Superior Court. Salomón introduces Carlos into the establishment of Don Ricardo as gate-keeper, and there the boy's career begins to shape itself.

Discovering that for a poor Indian boy, the Church offers almost the only avenue to an education, Carlos decides to become a priest. (The author's ideas as to how a priest is made are somewhat naïve; but no matter). With his advancement in scholarship, Carlos becomes private secretary to his employer. Don Ricardo is a disciple of Locke, and gives Carlos his first understanding of the meaning of democracy, and tyranny, and revolution.

Driven by his invincible Devil, Carlos abandons his ecclesiastical ambitions and becomes straw-boss of a construction gang in the building of San Marcos' first railroad. Three years of that, plus five years in solitary confinement as a political prisoner, and Carlos is sufficiently conditioned for the denouement of the story—the revolt in San Marcos. It is now that he faces his final problem—whether to remain loyal to the mild socialism of aging Don Ricardo, or to embrace the implacable Communism of Felipe Cuerno. This is the crossroad at which Carlos stands as the revolt succeeds, and Don Ricardo, Provisional President, makes ready to compromise with American capitalism.

★

I LIKED this story. That is about as simple and unmistakable a statement as a reviewer can make. I liked it because of the skilled craftsmanship of the author; Mr. North tells a story well; he rises to moments of genuine beauty, as when Uncle Vincente relates to little Carlos the story of the nuptials of the Sun-god Chan. I liked it because it is realistic without being obscene; the author uses four-letter words sparingly, and only when the flow of the narrative actually calls for them do the facts of nature have place. I liked it because, through the slow mental maturing of Carlos, through his breaking down of jargon into his own simple thought-patterns, I got a glimmering, for the first time, of the appeal of Communism to the good-pagan's mind. I liked it because it is not avowedly a novel with a purpose; it is just a good story, in which San Marcos, for all that it is an imaginary country, becomes a living land inhabited by living people.

What I did not like was the uncomfortable stirring up of my own consciousness that Mr. North's picture was not overdrawn; that the poverty, the ignorance, the unformed Christianity that borders on the pagan, actually

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do exist in a great part of Latin America. What I did not like was that Carlos, in his searching and his groping, missed the only true solution of his problem; never, even in his religious reading, caught a vision of the Mystical Body of Christ. His failure is understandable. Minds more responsible than his—or Mr. North's—have been just as unperceptive.

LEO J. TRESE.

Terror and Decorum, Poems 1940-1948. *Peter Viereck. Scribner's.* $3.00.

"EXCURSIONS of the visceral and irrational into the prose realm of politics and economics," writes Peter Viereck in this, his first volume of collected poetry, "are either silly or sinister." That such excursions may not only be sinister, but catastrophic as well, is the message of Viereck's rather breezy analysis of the origins of Nazism, published in 1941 under the title *Metapolitics: From the Romantics to Hitler.*

In the present volume of poetry the theme of opposition between the "visceral and irrational" and the disciplines of sanity and control is more concisely, though no less breezily stated, and receives a more general application to human life and to poetry.

These basic oppositions, of course, are traceable to the old clash between romanticism and classicism. In *Metapolitics* Viereck, arguing for the theory that romanticism reached its "purest expression in those territories freest from Roman colonization" (i.e., Germany), remarks that romanticism is to be seen mainly "as a cultural and political reaction against the Roman-French-Mediterranean spirit of clarity, rationalism, form, and universal standards." Romanticism came out of the wild Saxon north as an energy of expansion and destruction, a principle of terror; classicism is the heritage of western civilization, the heritage of reason, law, control, order, and decorum. "Civilization's task," writes Viereck in *Metapolitics,* "is not a question of destroying but of harnessing the eternal romantic element." In other words, the spiritual and emotional energy of romanticism (love) must be guided by a principle of rational control (law).

In *Terror and Decorum* it is the poet, as a modern counterpart of the Promethean "culture-hero," who emerges as legislator, and who imposes civilization on savagery, just as he imposes form on matter. The "eternal romantic element" is identified by Viereck with the "tuneless mutiny of Matter;" hence the poet, in his struggle with the inherited, illegal expansiveness of romanticism, is really engaged in a larger struggle with the recalcitrance of matter. Poetic metaphor, in this encounter, is compared with the ritual of incantation; it tames "each thunderous force of nature by knowing its secret unnamable Name and saying it in the ritual of rhythm." Thus terror is tamed by knowledge and by poetry; thus "love and law, by pattern reconciled, must rhyme." The whole process, however, may "work" (culturally) without being "true" (literally), and the poet himself may be completely hidden behind his works, far from the gaze or knowledge of mankind. Nevertheless his pattern, "like the equally non-existent universals of Plato, may be daily moulding our meaningless existence into meaning."

★

FOR THOSE who take poetry seriously, the spectacle of the poet subsisting on his own meaninglessness may not be altogether re-assuring; likewise, the theory that poetry creates its own meaning is not quite consistent with theories about value, reason, control, law, and decorum—all of which presuppose at least an external, if not an absolute, criterion—and all of which Peter Viereck holds to, as a professional humanist, against the "visceral and irrational."

Viereck has something of an insight into the tensions of poetry, into the struggles of the formative spirit, and into the spiritual area of romanticism; but he has mounted too shrilly and too athletically the stilts of "romanticism-classicism," and has taken this opposition, not so much as something from which one could learn, but as an article of faith and a source of poetry. It may well be that the hour of romanticism has struck and that a new order of form and control is rising; and it may be that these are signs of a recurring conflict of elements in the human soul. But such statements remain, somehow, on the side of literary history and psychology; and the poetry that would deal with them as basic remains limited to the fashions of "enlightened" criticism, feeding on theories and formulations rather than dealing with the substance of reality itself.

The poet as "legislator," moreover—except in the case of a long-established literary and cultural tradition—is an idea that is essentially romantic, for culture is a labor of reason more than a labor of art. If poetry, in the ritual of naming the unnamable, does not find it necessary to distinguish between "it works" and "it is false," then the poet is a sorry legislator, and we must have recourse to philosophy, in which naming the unnamable is more than a ritual. It is doubtful, at this time, whether the humanistic faith in "universal standards" is the philosophy that we can most honestly have recourse to.

Many of the poems in *Terror and Decorum* do not seem related in any specific way to the theme of the book; and many of these are either boisterous, or abstruse, or macabre. The tone generally is one of sophisticated humor (suited, perhaps, to the pages of the various magazines in which Viereck's poetry has appeared) which occasionally takes a sardonic or a petulant turn, after the manner of an astringent Omar Khayyam. But in half-a-dozen poems (and especially in the "Author's Note on Marabouts and Planted Poets") Viereck states his theme well enough and seriously enough to be considered as a talent and as a man—perhaps a little too full—of theories.

J. H. JOHNSTON

Saint Among the Hurons. Francis X. Talbot, S.J. Harper. $3.75.

"FROM the birth of the world," wrote a contemporary of St. Jean de Brébeuf, the Huron nation had never been Christian. It was the glory of this sturdy

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Norman Jesuit and martyr, this *vrai boeuf* as he called himself, to bring nearly seven thousand souls to Christ. The story of his mission, an apostolate of logic and charity, exquisitely French and stirring in the depths of its mysticism, is one of fierce hardship and seeming failure. In the Divine economy, the Hurons were to disappear under the inroads of the Iroquois, influenza, and the smallpox, a circumstance not lost upon the unbelievers.

Father Talbot's account gives full value to the Saint's patience and obedience, his care in learning the language of the Huron, and his unassuming practicality, as well as to the cruel details of his martyrdom by the Iroquois. The heart-rending, back-breaking work of Pere Jean is not the stuff of which golden legends are made, but rather is it fit for the realistically detailed, hard-headed treatment which Father Talbot has given it. Somewhat slow to start, his book picks up in power and impressiveness as the work of Jean de Brébeuf assumes its major and final outlines. *Saint Among the Hurons,* a strongly written book for strong stomachs and minds attracted to the contemplative as well as the active, is the product of vast and exact information. Its story takes its incident from seventeenth-century New France, but its theme and symbol are at once of the catacombs and of the savagery of our own times.

RILEY HUGHES

The Stumbling Stone. Aubrey Menen. Scribner's. $3.

MR. MENEN'S first novel, *The Prevalence of Witches,* was called "an absolute triumph of sly wit and malicious merriment," "a novel of remarkable wit and originality . . . at once impudent, ironic and profound." If those estimates, and others which were just as favorable, described that book accurately, then it must be said that Menen has gone backward in his artistic movement, because this story reveals none of the qualities ascribed to the previous one.

Colley Burton, the key figure, is a "naturally good man" who has given years of his life in the service of the people of India. Upon his forced return to London he finds that a fictionalized version of his life has been dramatized by Lucky Prynne, an English racketeer. In order to avoid Burton's displeasure and possible loss of revenue, Prynne and his actor friend, Van Billiter, connive to ensnare him in some charitable work which will compromise him and force his acceptance of the drama—without royalties.

They decide to make him a "living saint," and they plan to saddle him with Chas Hopkins, the most notorious of the juvenile delinquents, the object of many re-adjustment treatments and the subject of many case histories. Before the end of the story, and the attempted suicide of Chas, Burton has met many professional do-gooders, social workers, psychiatrists, and the girl with the most beautiful legs in London, Penny Hopkins, sister of Chas.

The story is the vehicle for Menen's observations on the current, inordinate concern for doing good, the viciousness and vulnerability of politics and the nature of

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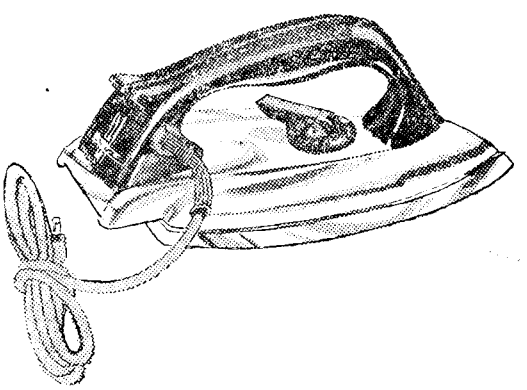

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that strange feminine activity called modeling. It does not take much time to understand that Menen stands on the right side of the fence. But the characters who give expression to his views are an obvious crew who speak a stilted, uncomfortable language, the plot is a stuttering, heavy-handed piece of work, and the tone of the writing is without sly wit or merriment or originality or profundity, and without even maliciousness which, in the absence of all the other attributes, might have saved this from becoming the stodgy story that it is.

GEORGE MILES

My Place to Stand. Bentz Plagemann. Farrar, Straus. $2.75.

MAKING the best of disablement is a recurring theme. Whether it serves more to show what heights of courage men can reach or to remind us how much we simply take for granted the full possession of all our faculties, it is a worthy one.

Mr. Plagemann is a rather successful novelist and he writes naturally and easily of his war and recuperative experiences. His narrative manifests greater talent for observation than philosophic depth. His reaffirmation of his Christian faith, after being stricken with polio in North Africa, he passes over quickly. Some anxious days at sea and a few bars of tough talk are about all he has to add to the copious personal literature on the recent war.

Whatever matter of personal interest the book supplies comes toward the end—the author's first-hand account of the unique way of life at the Warm Springs Foundation. It is gratifying to have such an enthusiastic account from inside, to see Mr. Roosevelt as his fellow-patients saw him, to imbibe the spirit of the place.

It is only here that Mr. Plagemann faintly suggests some of the philosophic overtones of the "Magic Mountain." But what is most striking is the way he tells of doctors, nurses and patients in that justly famed Georgia community working together to make each polio victim confident that he can face his future.

E. S. S.

On My Way: Poems and Essays. Hans Arp. Wittenborn. $4.50.

SINCE almost any statue by Hans Arp, if left overnight on the front lawn, would wither a respectable hedge with worry, it's no wonder that this little volume of poems and essays has been neglected by the culture-vultures among us who insist that art is *serious,* and that an artist has no more business being mischievous than a banker.

Arp, of course, is *serious*—so serious that he has spent most of his life robbing museum directors of their sleep. "When I exhibited my first concrete reliefs," he writes, "I put out a little manifesto declaring the art of the bourgeois to be sanctioned lunacy. Especially those naked men, women, and children in stone or bronze, exhibited in public squares, garden, and forest clearings who un-

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tiringly dance, chase butterfles, shoot arrows, hold out apples, blow the flute, are the perfect expression of a mad world. These mad figures must no longer sully nature."

Arp was a dadaist before dada was invented, which means that he is one of those delightful few, dedicated to despair and gayety, who are in dead earnest about knocking the stuffing out of stuffed shirts.

> death devours one year another another
> the pharaohs eat storks
> between fruits a star sleeps. sometimes it laughs
> softly in its sleep like a porcelain harp.
> the chattering fairy-tales knitting streets packing
> storks dance

runs one of the stanzas in one of his poems.

Reading Arp's poetry, gazing at his reliefs (the photographs in the book are excellent), is almost as exciting as reliving the poetry of the nightmares of one's childhood.

WAYNE ANDREWS

Birds. A Guide to the Most Familiar American Birds. Herbert S. Zim and Ira N. Gabrielson. Illustrated by James Gordon Irving. Simon. $1.00.

NIGHT was falling over the northern woods. About fifty yards away a hermit thrush began to sing, its voice dropping into the silence like water in a pool. It was like a shepherd practicing on his pipe and pausing between each phrase to reflect upon the last and to compose the next. There was no passion or emotion in it. It was calm, disembodied, ethereal. It was a thing of almost perfect beauty.

Or consider a windy April day on a mountain overlooking the city of Paterson, N. J. Overhead and to the sides, sliding sideways down the air currents that rose over the ridge or moving in slow spirals in the air above, there passed northward a procession of the most exciting birds in the book, the hawks. Red-tails, red-shoulders, ospreys, turkey vultures, sparrow hawks, sharp-shins, coopers, hundreds of broad-wings, and one lone pigeon hawk.

On the top of the mountain a small group of bird-watchers saluted this magnificent parade with their admiration. But in the city below thousands remained unaware of what passed above them, and in New York City, easily visible from the mountain, millions more sat in their apartments that Saturday morning, totally oblivious to the joys of bird-watching, and not only oblivious but positively scornful. "Such things ought not to be, my brethren."

In one of her books, Sigrid Undset refers to the feeling for nature "which appears everywhere in the Middle Ages in the wake of Catholicism" and traces this in part to the Psalms of David, which are full of it.

It is an interesting observation. And yet it is only right and natural that it should be so. After all, who should be more interested in sparrows than those who believe that not one of them shall fall to the ground without the personal observation and concern of its Creator?

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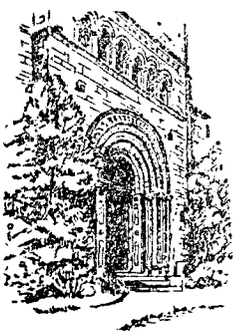

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It is also true that men are of more value than many sparrows, and this is a truth which the fanatical nature-lovers are inclined to forget from time to time. But those who love God are surely missing a major display of His beauty and wisdom if they neglect that which is revealed in the birds, who are probably the most interesting, numerous and accessible of His non-human creation.

★

ALL of this high-flown talk is by way of introduction to a new pocket-guide called *Birds,* by Herbert Zim and Ira Gabrielson, nicely illustrated by James Gordon Irving. It is a book for beginners and highlights 112 of the most common species of both Eastern and Western America. It also describes 150 more. It is very well done, and includes some features that are missing in more advanced guides like Roger Peterson's *Field Guide to the Birds.* The latter is still unbeatable, however, for the serious student. No other book is in the same class.

The fact that Simon and Schuster is putting this guide out and planning to follow it with guides for trees, flowers and insects in a Golden Nature Series, is highly encouraging. It has been a long time since we had a series of cheap guides of this kind. Perhaps we are having some kind of nature revival. It would be difficult to trace it to renewed interest in either Catholicism or the Psalms of David, but don't let that stop you. JOHN C. CORT

The Columbia: Powerhouse of the West. Murray Morgan. Superior. $3.50.

THE COLUMBIA River, Mr. Morgan decided, has just too much history and awe about it to get everything in one book. "My solution was to apply a newspaperman's sense of values to the story:" to put together the most "interesting" facts about the Columbia's past and present. The result is not at all as modest or as sketchy as one might expect. The book is well written, informative in a lively way and objectively reportorial. Mr. Morgan has "burned no incense" for or against the cause of CVA.

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